

# THE YAZOO CITY POLITICAL REGISTER.

J. A. STEVENS, Editor and Proprietor.

YAZOO CITY, (MI.) FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1840.

VOL. 4, No. 35.—Whole No. 141.

Yazoo City Whig and Political Register.  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,  
BY J. A. STEVENS.

(CITY PRINTER.)  
On Main Street, opposite M. B. Hamer's, in  
the north end of the "Manchester Hall."  
TERMS.—The Whig will be furnished to sub-  
scribers at \$5 00 per annum in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of  
\$1 00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents  
for each week thereafter—ten lines or less, con-  
stituting a square. The number of insertions re-  
quired, must be marked on the margin of the man-  
uscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and  
charged accordingly. Advertisements from a dis-  
tance, must be accompanied with the cash, or  
good references in town. Announcing candidates  
for office will be \$10 00 for county offices, \$10 00  
for State offices, in advance.

**Yearly Advertising.**  
For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure  
\$50. No contract taken for less than one year—  
and payable half yearly in advance.  
The privilege of an annual advertisement is limited to  
one owner immediate business; and all advertise-  
ments for the benefit of other persons, sent in by  
them must be paid for by the square.

**Professional Advertisements.**  
For 10 lines or less, not alterable, 3 months, \$12  
" 10 do do do do do do 20  
" 10 do do do do do do 30  
As the above rates are the same as those  
established in Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand  
Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no deduction  
will be made from them in any case whatever.  
ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR  
ON DELIVERY.  
Letters on business must be post paid, or  
they will not be taken out of the Post Office.

## To the Public.

The rights of editors and publishers of papers  
have been too long neglected. Justice will never  
be done unless these rights are asserted their  
enforce the most rigid rules, which in the  
end will be found alike salutary to the public and  
beneficial to those engaged in the press. Pub-  
lishers of papers have been so long imposed upon  
by the community at large, that they are consid-  
ered to some extent a degraded class of beings,  
when in fact there is no vocation in life so honor-  
able, deserving of so high consideration, produc-  
tive of so much good, a class that exerts so power-  
ful an influence. It is known to be proverbial for  
the debtors to newspaper publishers to consider  
their demands as the last to be paid—debts to  
which there is attached no moral obligation, and  
which they can refuse to pay with justice and  
honor; hence, it is incumbent upon the con-  
ductors of the press to assert their own rights,  
and resolve, severally and jointly, to bring all  
newspapers under the same obligations that at-  
tach to other contracts, or always remain in pov-  
erty and want, with thousands due them from the  
most solvent men in the country.

We call upon all editors and publishers of pa-  
pers who approve of the following rules, to endorse  
them by their signatures, place them at the head  
of their papers, and strictly adhere to them.

- 1st. No subscription received without payment  
in advance.
- 2d. No subscription received for less than six  
months.
- 3d. Advance payment will be required from  
all transient subscribers.
- 4th. To announce no man for any office, either  
State or County, without the advance payment of  
ten dollars.
- 5th. Political circulars charged as advertise-  
ments and payment required in advance.
- 6th. All advertisements of a personal nature  
will be charged double and payment required  
in advance.
- 7th. Election tickets will not be printed with-  
out order, nor delivered to any person without  
payment.
- 8th. All subscribers, without respect to persons  
who are delinquents, on the first of October, will  
be stricken from the list, and their accounts put  
in suit.

The above rules, we, the undersigned, pledge  
ourselves to abide by.

JAMES A. STEVENS,  
Editor and Proprietor of the Yazoo City Whig.  
S. H. BLACK,  
Editor of the Natchez Courier.  
BESANCON & HALIDAY,  
Publishers of the Mississippi Free Trader.  
JAMES H. GAN,  
Editor and Proprietor of the Vicksburg Sentinel.  
WM. M. SMYTH,  
Editor and Proprietor of the Grand Gulf Adv.  
A. B. & S. C. CORWINE,  
Editors and Proprietors of the Yazoo Banner.  
GEORGE A. WILSON,  
Editor & Proprietor of the Holly Springs Banner.  
THOMAS BROWN,  
Editor of the Rodney Telegraph.  
J. M. DUFFIELD,  
Editor of Grand Gulf Whig.  
W. B. TEBB,  
Editor of the Yazoo Advertiser.  
NED & NEWTON,  
Publishers of the Southern Reporter.  
BAKER & CURTIS,  
Editors and Proprietors of the Southern Argus.  
M. MOWER,  
Publisher of the Southern Sentinel.  
A. C. CLARK,  
Publisher of the Port Gibson Correspondent.  
GEO. R. KIGER,  
Editor of Gallatin Star.  
WM. M. TOLBERT,  
Publisher of the Democratic Union.  
A. B. BECKWITH,  
Proprietor of the Independent Journal.  
June 1839.

## PROFESSIONAL.

**Q. D. GIBBS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Yazoo City, Mississippi.

REFER TO  
Walton, Walker & Co., N. Orleans.  
Washington Barrow, Natchez.  
McKibben & Robinson, Memphis.  
Thomas J. Read & Son, Louisville.  
Foster & Pogg, Nashville.  
Riggs & Co., Philadelphia.  
Andrew Rankin & Co., Newark.  
Bailey, Ward & Co., New-York.  
January 3, 26-ly. 1840.

**DRS. BARBER & BARNETT**  
Physicians, their profession in conjunction,  
Office on Main Street, in the North  
Corner Room of the Manchester Hall.  
Yazoo City, Nov 20, 1839. 20-ly.

**BATTLE & HAMER,**  
LAWYERS.  
ADDRESS,  
JOHN BATTLE at Benion, } Mississippi.  
C. F. HAMER, at Yazoo City, }  
Feb. 25, 33-ly.

**A. W. G. & J. W. DAVIS,**  
ATTORNEYS.  
OFFICE AT GREENSBORO, N. C.  
Will practice in the several Courts of the 2d  
Judicial District for this State. Nov. 23-20.

**BILLS OF LADING,**  
For Sale at this Office.

## Trustees' Sale.

BY virtue of a deed of trust, and for the  
purpose therein mentioned, executed  
by Isaac Roberts and his wife Elizabeth Rob-  
erts, to the undersigned, on the 3d day of  
May 1839, and which said deed of trust will  
be found duly recorded in book J, from page  
179 to 181 of deeds in the clerk's office, in  
the town of Benton, Yazoo County, an-  
nate of Mississippi; and at the request of  
James Roberts, William Roberts, and John  
H. Nelson, I shall proceed to sell, to the  
highest bidder, for cash, at the court house  
door in the town of Benton, on Tuesday  
the 14th day of April next, at 12 o'clock,  
and continue until 4 o'clock of said day, the  
following property, to wit:—the northeast  
quarter of section 9, the east half of the S.  
E. quarter of section 9, the northwest quar-  
ter of the southeast quarter of section 9,  
the northeast quarter of southwest quarter  
of section 9, township 12, range 2 east.—  
The northwest quarter of section 10, the  
west half of the north east quarter, section  
10, the southwest quarter of section 10,  
township 12, range 2 east. ALSO, the fol-  
lowing negroes: David, 35 years old, Bob  
5, Anthony, 6 years old, Sophia, 28, and 2  
children, Sabine 3, and Lora 1, York 25  
years old, Rachael 22, and 2 children, Puss  
2 years old, Alfred 1, Mahaley 18 years, &  
2 children, Celia 3, Martin Van Buren 1,  
Joseph 21, George 15 years old; also, 3  
work horses, 1 colt, 3 yoke of oxen, 1 wa-  
gon, 50 head of cattle, more or less, 100 head  
of hogs, more or less, 19 head of sheep, 1  
lot Blacksmith's tools, farming tools, gear  
and harness, household and kitchen furni-  
ture, 500 bushels Corn, 2000 lbs of fodder,  
or so much thereof as will be sufficient to  
satisfy all claims which are, or may be due  
by the aforesaid deed of trust, together with  
all costs which may have accrued thereon.  
Such title and no other, will be made to the  
purchaser as is vested in me, which is be-  
lieved to be good.

BRITAIN P. ROBERTS,  
Trustee,  
February 5, 1840, 32-31

## Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of a Deed of Trust executed  
to the Subscriber as trustee by Alfred  
F. Page and Wm. C. Page, bearing date,  
the 7th day of June, 1839, and duly record-  
ed on the 5th day of September, 1839 in  
Book J, of page 439, 440 and 441 of the re-  
cords of the probate court of Yazoo County,  
whereby the punctual payment of sundry  
debts therein specified and stated to be ow-  
ing one Philip B. Pope by the said Alfred  
F. Page and Wm. C. Page, were indorsed  
to be insured and secured by the said deed  
of Trust, at their maturity. And whereas  
the said debt, one for five hundred dollars,  
and the other for four hundred and twenty  
dollars, did respectively become due, and  
owing to the said Philip B. Pope, on the 1st  
day of January, 1840, and are now remain-  
ing wholly unpaid, or satisfied. Now there-  
fore, at the request of the said Philip B.  
Pope, and in accordance with the provisions  
of the said deed of trust, shall I on the 12th  
day of March, 1840, in front of the auc-  
tion store of A. Hall & Co., in the town of  
Yazoo City, proceed to sell at public auc-  
tion, to the highest bidder, for cash, Lot  
No. two hundred and ninety three, in said  
town, fronting on Bayou street, 75 feet, and  
running back 150; or so much of said lot of  
ground as may be necessary to satisfy the  
purposes of said deed, and the expenses of  
executing it. Such title only, will be con-  
veyed as is vested in the subscriber, which  
title however, is believed to be good.

Sale to take place in front of A. Hall &  
Co's. Auction Store in this City.  
JAS. HAYDEN, Trustee.  
Yazoo City, Feb. 14, 32-41

## TRUSTEE SALE.

BY virtue of a deed of trust executed to  
the undersigned trustees, by Franklin  
M. Tribble and E. M. Allen on the 23rd day  
of February, 1839 to secure the payment of  
certain promissory notes therein named held  
by Washington Dorsey and J. J. Hughes,  
which deed in trust is of record in the Pro-  
bate clerk's office of Yazoo County, in book  
F, page 552 and 553. The undersigned  
as aforesaid, will proceed to sell to the high-  
est bidder, for cash, in the town of Yazoo  
City, (late Manchester,) the following de-  
scribed land and negroes to wit:—The west  
half of the north west quarter of section twen-  
ty seven, the east half of the north east quar-  
ter of section twenty eight, the north west  
quarter and the north east quarter of the  
south west quarter of section twenty eight,  
the east half of the south west quarter of  
section twenty one, the north east quarter,  
and the east half of the south east quarter  
and the south west quarter of the south east  
quarter of section twenty-nine, being all in  
township eleven, of range one, west of the  
Basis Meridian of the district of lands sub-  
ject to sale at Mount Salus Mississippi; and  
the following slaves to wit:—

Sam, Solomon, Edmund, Charles, Noah,  
Sylvia, Elisha, Joe, Zena, Eddy, Rhoda,  
Nancy, Rosetta, Elsey, Queen

Which property will be sold on the 15th  
day of April next, before the door of Han-  
ter's Hotel, between the hours of 10 and 4  
o'clock of said day, and such titles con-  
veyed to purchasers as vest in us as trustees.

JAMES W. CUSACK,  
THOMAS W. SCOTT,  
Trustees.  
Yazoo City, Feb. 6, 1840. 31-10

**JOHN W. FUQUA,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Lower Landing,  
YAZOO CITY, MISS.  
Merchandise Received and Forwarded to  
any part of the country, with despatch.  
January 3, 1840. 26-ly

## POETRY.

From the Sussex (N.J.) Register.

### THE HARRISON CAUSE.

Turn—"Bonnets of Blue."

Here's a health to him that is just,  
Here's a health to him that is true,  
And who could not with justice to the man  
Who conquer'd at Tippecanoe!  
It is good to be noble and firm,  
It is good to be honest and true,  
It is good to support our HARRISON'S cause,  
Who stood to the "red, white and blue."  
Hurra for the brave and true,  
Who battled at Tippecanoe,  
And the heroes whose names  
In the banks of the Thames  
Were written in "red, white and blue."

Here's success to him that is firm,  
Here's success to him that is wise,  
And though aged and poor,  
Will give him his store  
When Misery ever applies.

Here's a health to the sage of North Bend,  
Here's success to the man of the plow,  
Here's a health to the man who sticks to his friend,  
And lives by the sweat of his brow.  
Hurra for the just and the true,  
And the hero of Tippecanoe,  
It is good to support the HARRISON cause,  
And the star sprang "red, white and blue."

### SONG.

I loved her with the purest love  
That ever human bosom knew;  
The green leaf to the final grove  
Was never half so true.  
For oh! she was the sweetest flower  
That ever graced a highland glen;  
And proudly did I own her power,  
For she was artless then.

She left her home among the hills,  
And in the world she grew,  
A worldly, flaunting thing of pride,  
Unsteady and untrue;  
Gay robes and jewels deck her now,  
She seeks the gay and the vain;  
And in no more the flower I loved,  
For she was artless then!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE MECHANIC.

What an exalted calling! How grand the occupa-  
tion! How sublime the handy work of the  
craft! How purely independent is the honest,  
industrious Mechanic! He lays himself down to  
rest at the close of evening and quietly reposes in  
body and mind. He is not disturbed by the fluc-  
tuations of the market, or the vicissitudes of  
the obligations and liabilities which he has assumed  
upon himself through the day. No bills of Ex-  
change crowd his slumbering brain; nor does the  
failure of chartered monopolies disturb him. He  
has no heavy cares pending upon the intricate  
constructions of the law, and he is not so in-  
justice which may either restore to his client his  
own just claims and establish for himself the char-  
acter of a jurist, or on the other hand the con-  
fiscation of his client's property, and with it his  
reputation forever blasted. He goes home after his  
tools through the day, and he meditates upon good-  
ness and the duties of his station. He is not so in-  
disposed of and had debts contracted—not to cal-  
culate the losses and the gains incident to busi-  
ness transactions—not to brood over, by the mid-  
night taper, contracts of long standing. No  
none of these harassing moments disturb his  
quiet heart. But he goes from his workshop to  
the hospitable fireside, not decorated with costly  
apparatus—no magnificent carpet spread upon the  
floor—no ostentatious pride finds a resting place  
within his humble precincts; but where neatness  
and order reside—where virtue and charity are  
the handmaids of his industry, and he returns to  
his cottage to enjoy the sweet counsel of the partner  
of his prosperity—the soothe of his sorrows; she  
who ministers to a mind diseased, and from the  
fevered brow, wipes the cold sweat drops in the  
hour of affliction. He rises with the lark, fresh  
from his rest, and he goes to his workshop to  
resume his avocation with invigorated spirit,  
gladly singing the favorite ditties of his early  
youth, as he throws the huge hammer or draws the  
cutting blade, confident of the remuneration at-  
tending upon each successive stroke. Who  
would scorn him as so emulating as that of the  
Mechanic? Who would scorn him as so in-  
calculable a fraternity? Who would scorn a road so  
smooth—one which will lead the persevering to  
high rank, honor and distinction among the liter-  
ati of the land? Who would be ashamed to wear  
the reputation of Franklin, the printer, and Roger  
Sherman, the lawyer, and the philosopher of the  
former derived from the towering cloud of their  
glory, and protracted the irresistible bolt in hu-  
mility at his feet—among the foremost in the  
contest for freedom, the latter from industry and  
energy, won for himself in the councils of his country  
imperishable wreaths of renown, and in the  
temple of Liberty signed the charter of her inde-  
pendence.

Mechanicism is a theme upon which we love to  
dwell. Would that our inexperienced mind were  
competent to do adequate justice to a subject so  
grand in its nature—so sublime in its practice—  
so beautiful in its utility, so indispensable. But  
were the pen with which we write, plucked from  
the wing of the Heaven soaring Eagle—plumed  
with the sweet notes of poetry—dipped in the with-  
ering gall of sarcasm, or the burning fire of elo-  
quence, we were still incompetent to inscribe up-  
on the pillars of genius, which support the proud  
fabric of a nation's glory, the feeling of our soul.  
Go on, brave, generous, patriotic soul of freedom!  
Persevere in the paths of honor, a crown of bril-  
liant distinction will crown your labors. Behold  
the brow of yonder majestic merchantman, riding  
upon the mountain waves of the deep, bearing in  
her bosom the products of a distant clime—"The  
fruit of Mechanic." Behold yonder smoke  
in the distance, the proud vessel skimming the  
rugged current; her engine revolving with regu-  
larity of time—What is it? It is the work of a  
Mechanic—the revered Robert Fulton. Behold  
yonder sheet, blazing with the rays of intelli-  
gence and light—the feeling of our soul. Go on,  
streaming to the wind, and upon every passing  
breeze wafts to our ears, glad tidings from a dis-  
tant clime; coming "the herald of a noisy world,  
news from all nations lumbering at his back;"  
teaching the lessons of freedom and showing us  
our obedience to the great Architect of the Uni-  
verse. What is that?—"The razors—the ful-  
crum and lever which moves the world—the work  
of a Mechanic, John Faust, the renowned Sorcer-  
er." When Tamerlane had finished building his  
pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and  
was standing at the gate of Damascus, glitter-  
ing with steel, with his battle axe on his shoul-  
der, till the fierce host filled to new victo-  
ries and carnage, the pale onlooker might have  
fancied that nature was in her death throes—  
havoc and despair had taken possession of the  
earth, and the sun of manhood seemed setting in  
a sea of blood. Yet it might be on that very day  
of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine  
pins in the streets of Mecca, whose history was  
of more importance to them than twenty Tamer-  
lanes! The Tartar Khan with his shaggy demons  
of the wilderness, passed away like the whirl-  
wind, to be forgotten forever; and that German  
aristocrat wrought a benefit, which is yet im-  
measurably expanding itself, and will continue to  
expand through all countries and at all times.  
What are the conquests and expeditions of the  
whole corporations of captains from Walter the  
penitless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with  
the movable types of John Faust?  
Then why does the fanciful spirit prevail  
among the more affluent grades of society, that

mechanics should be respected only as the dogs  
of the earth—as a separate and distinct class, be-  
low par in the estimation of those who wish to be  
regarded as the patterns of intelligence, science  
and knowledge? The elite of the country have  
drawn the lines of demarcation, while every an-  
non, they palm upon the workmen the blame  
attached to the frequent schemes in society inci-  
dent to such proceedings. Yes, the elite have  
thrown the gauntlet and must abide the results.  
We, as Mechanics, hold ourselves as far above  
our revilers in the scale of useful knowledge and  
general information, as the stars which angle  
the firmament of Heaven are separated from the  
earth. So should every other profession of trade-  
man. Let him who would deny his birthright  
upon whatever vantage he may be placed, and  
shrink from the responsibilities of asserting and  
maintaining his prerogative as a Mechanic, be  
branded as a traitor! Let him become a foot-ball  
of contempt and his name sink into oblivion un-  
wept by the craft and unused by its bards.

### The Charm of Woman.

There are many defects in the character,  
but beauty and gentle manners in the great  
estimate of woman go far toward supplying  
their want of energy, and even their want of  
heart.

It is a wife that these defects appear  
and grow upon the disappointed husband,  
like the frightful figure exhibited by a magic  
lantern, increasing in hideousness as they  
increase in magnitude and distinctness. It  
is when the doing lover begins to suspect  
that the silent calm he had hitherto mistaken  
for maiden shyness, is in reality the silence  
of the soul—the calm of imperturbable stag-  
nation; when he discovers that he has devoted  
his first and best affections to a beautiful  
but marble statue; when he returns to his  
home, which ought to be "an ever sunny  
place," and finds nothing but the yawning  
vacancy of a cold and cheerless void; when  
he pours his fresh warm feelings, that burst  
in unstudied language from his burning lips,  
upon the stony surface of an insensible heart  
—and that heart a woman's!—it is then that  
he shrinks back repelled and blasted, as if  
the blooming charms he once adored, were  
exchanged for deformity and horror.

Oh! it is the secret fountain of never  
changing love—the well of inexhaustible  
refreshment in the desert—the rose that  
blooms forever beneath the sunshine of one  
beloved eye—the voice that rises in a con-  
tinued strain of melody above all the discord  
of the world—the bird of beauty, whose  
faithful wing is never folded save in its own  
sheltered nest; the pure unsullied stream,  
offering sweetness and balm in every bosom  
it meets, but reserving the full tide of its  
gladness for me; it is by such mystical sym-  
bols as these that we would describe the na-  
tural, the distinctive, the holy charm of wo-  
man; but by her perfect form, her ruby lips,  
her sparkling eyes, or her silken tresses,  
whether, they fall in raven masses over a  
marble brow, or glitter in the sunbeams like  
threads of waving gold.

### Water-Letter at Noon.

#### THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

On a surface of two square miles, it was  
ascertained that fifty thousand men and  
horses were lying! The luxurious crop of  
ripe grain which had covered the field of  
battle, was reduced to litter, and beaten in-  
to the earth; and the surface, trodden down  
by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the  
cannon wheels, strewn with many a relief of  
the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered  
fire-arms and broken swords; all the variety  
of military ornaments; lancer caps and High-  
land bonnets; uniforms of every color, plume  
and pennon; musical instruments, the appar-  
atus of artillery, bugles;—but, good God!  
why dwell on the harrowing picture of a  
foughten field?—each and every ruinous  
display bore mute testimony to the misery  
of such a battle. \* \* \* Could the mel-  
ancholy appearance of this scene of death be  
heightened, it would be by witnessing the  
researches of the living, amidst its desola-  
tion, for the objects of their love. Mothers  
and wives and children, for days were occu-  
pied in that mournful duty; and the confu-  
sion of the corpses, friend and foe inter-  
mingled as they were, often rendered the  
attempt at recognising individuals difficult,  
and in some cases, impossible. \* \* \* In  
many places the dead lay four deep upon  
each other, marking the spot some British  
square had occupied, when exposed for  
hours to the murderous French battery. Out-  
side, lancer and cuirassier were scattered  
thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to  
force the serried bayonets of the British, they  
had fallen, in the bootless essay, by the mus-  
ketry of the inner files. Further on, you  
traced the spot where the cavalry of France  
and England had encountered Chasseur and  
hussar were intermingled; and the heavy  
Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were  
interspersed with the grey chargers which  
had carried Alyn's cavalry. Here the high-  
lander and traillair lay, side by side, to-  
gether; and the heavy dragoon, with green  
Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling  
in death with the Polish lancer. \* \* \* On  
the summit of the ridge, where the ground  
was cumbered with dead, and trodden fel-  
lock-deep in mud and gore, by the frequent  
rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn cor-  
pses of the Imperial Guard, pointed out the  
spot where Napoleon had been defeated.—  
Here, in column, that favored corps, on  
whom his last chance rested, had been anni-  
hilated; and the advance and repulse of the  
Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen  
Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last  
struggle of France had been vainly made;  
for there the Old Guard, when the Middle  
battalions had been forced back, attempted  
to meet the British, and afford time for their  
disorganised companions to rally. Here the  
French centre, had come up;—and here  
the bayonet closed the contest.—Maxwell's  
Victories of the British Army.

"Will't thou meet me there, love?" as the  
hungry lover said to his sweetheart at the  
dining table.

**ADVICE TO MEN IN DEBT.**—Ascertain  
the whole state of your affairs. Learn ex-  
actly how much you owe. Be not guilty of  
deceiving yourself. You may thus awaken  
suspicious of dishonesty, when your inten-  
tions were otherwise.

Deliberately and fully make up your mind  
that come what will, you will practice no  
concealment or trick, which might have the  
appearance of fraud. Openness and candor  
command respect among all good men.

Remember that no man is completely  
ruined among men, until his character is  
gone.

Never consent to hold as your own one  
farthing which rightfully belongs to others.

As you are at present in circumstances of  
great trial, and as many eyes are upon you,  
do nothing rashly. If you need advice, con-  
sult only a few. Let them be disinterested  
persons, of the most established reputation.

Beware of feelings and despondency. Give  
not place for an hour to useless and enervat-  
ing melancholy. Be a man.

Reduce your expenditures to the lowest  
amount. Care not to figure as others around  
you.

Industriously pursue such lawful and hon-  
est arts of industry as are left to you. An  
hour's industry will do more to begot cheer-  
fulness, suppress evil rumors, and retrieve  
your affairs, than a month's moaning.  
If you must stop business, do it soon  
enough to avoid the just charge of an at-  
tempt to involve your unsuspecting friends.  
Learn from present difficulties the utter  
vanity of all earthly things.

### Watchman of the South.

**Female Wit.**—A couple of young ladies  
having buried their father, who was an old  
humorist, and had such an aversion to ma-  
trimony that he would not allow them to mar-  
ry, however advantageous might be the offer,  
conversing on his character, the eldest ob-  
served, "He is dead at last, and now we will  
marry."—"Well," says the youngest, "I am  
for a rich husband." "Hold sister," said the  
other, "don't let us be too hasty in the choice  
of our husbands: let us marry those whom  
the powers above have destined for us—for  
our marriages are registered in heaven's  
book." "I'm sorry for that," replied the  
youngest "for I am afraid father will tear out  
the leaf."

**ANTIDOTE AGAINST MARRIAGE.**—Jog says  
that if a man feels very much like getting  
married, yet imagines that he ought not to,  
the best remedy he knows of, is to help one  
of his neighbors move a house full of furni-  
ture—borrow about nine of his children for  
three days, and hear them cry. If that fail,  
build up a fire of damp wood, and when the  
smoke in the room is thickest, hire a woman  
to scold him about four hours. If he can  
stand all these, he'd better get married the  
next day—give his wife the pants, and be  
terrible partner in the great firm of matrimony.  
We think the remedy is severe but  
as every man is liable to those things after  
he yokes himself, it would do no harm to  
try it before.

### YOUNG MECHANICS.

There is no class of the community upon  
whom the future welfare of the country more  
essentially depends, than upon the rising  
generation of young mechanics. If they  
are intelligent, sober, industrious and con-  
sequently independent, able and accom-  
modated to judge for themselves, and governed  
in their own conduct by an enlightened view  
of their own best interests—if they are men  
of this sort, (and it is for their fathers to  
make them such) the mechanics will form  
the strongest bulwark of our free institu-  
tions, and the best hope of the Republic.

Good nature is the best feature in the fi-  
nest face—wit may raise admiration, judg-  
ment may command respect, and knowledge  
attention. Beauty may inflame the heart  
with love, but good nature powerful effect—  
it adds a thousand attractions to the charms  
of beauty, and gives an air of beneficence to  
the most homely face.

**LEAP YEAR.**—Our erudite fellow citizens  
will find, on inspection of the almanac, that  
the present year, 1840, is bissextile, or leap-  
year. The child whose hap may be to be  
born on the 29th of next month, (February),  
will behold the recurrence of his birth day  
but once in four years. Another singular  
circumstance respecting leap-year is, that  
ladies, by the ancient custom, may pay their  
addresses to the gentlemen; so the belle  
who has an overly bashful admirer may save  
him from the horrors of popping the ques-  
tion, and bring the period of courtship to a  
speedy conclusion.

**ORIGIN OF THE WORD TAILOR.**—It is said  
the tailors derived their name from an old  
circumstance, as follows: Nine stout fel-  
lows were at work one day sitting cross leg-  
ged upon a bench in their shop, when an  
old sow entered, and gobbled up four of them  
at as many mouthfuls! Whereat the boss  
of the shop defending himself with his shears,  
cried out—tail her, tail her! when one of  
the frightened fowls seized the animal by  
that necessary appendage, the tail, and  
dragged her out of the shop! Ever after  
the craft were called tailors, from the cir-  
cumstance of having tailed the old sow!

A chap who went home corned on a recent  
rainy evening, felt so dry in the night, that  
he drank two pitchers of water, and then  
swallowed his umbrella which was saturated  
with the rain. We hope he got relief finally.

A person reading a quotation from the  
London Literary Gazette, respecting the  
consumption of oil, found the usual abbre-  
viation, *London Lit. Gaz.* Upon asking the  
meaning of a neighbor, he replied—"It  
means that London is lit with gas."

### Q.—I say, Mike, you perticulum engage

to day?"

"Spise I hant, Jim, what for you wants to  
know?"

"Kaze, I wants to hab you stand spones  
for me."

"Stand spones for you, nigger! Why,  
dout you know de bank no distract now;  
'sides, dey dun 'fused my name dar afore."

"Oh hush nigger—I no wants you stand  
spones to de bank, but to our chille, we's  
gwine to hab him chrystallized to de church.  
You stand now nigger?"

"Wagh, wagh, wagh! I see an idee I stands  
de simplification ob the meaning."

### From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

An honest Hibernian, upon reading his  
physician's bill, replied to the doctor that he  
had no objections to paying him for his me-  
dicine, but his visits he would return.

Real men and woman never sneer at me-  
chanics and operatives. But self-styled  
gentlemen and ladies not unfrequently do.

A tailor who died lately, was found in his  
last moments cabbaging a piece of the  
blanket which covered him.

A man having been capitally convicted,  
was, as usual, asked what he had to say why  
judgment of death should not pass against  
him? "Say!" replied he, "why I think the joke  
has been carried far enough already, and  
the less that is said about it the better."

"Is that clean butter?" said a person a short  
time ago to a countryman who had a wagon-  
load of butter for sale in the market. "Guess  
it ort to be," said the fellow, "for it took the  
old woman and three boys all last night to  
pick the hairs out'n it."

That's what an impudent fellow who de-  
fined woman "a sign to hang dry goods on."

A school boy in the Literary Emporium,  
being asked to define the word admission,  
said it meant twenty-five cents and children  
half price.

**THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT.**—"Say you,  
Fred Williams, war dat nigger what stood  
heah just now?"

"Why he cut stick."  
"Dah